Chocolate Cake for Two by brokenpromisesandhope

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" My husband and I just sat in our car outside of our house and ate a huge piece of carrot cake because we didn't want to share with our kids."

Chocolate Cake for Two

Author's Note:

> I saw this tweet and was like STANCY STANCY STANCY. IM CHOKING.
> I wanna be KNOWN FOR MY KID FICS KID FICS KID FICS.
> Please comment.
> xx
> T

Nancy grabs her phone off the counter when she hears her ringtone go off. She's making dinner, pot roast, homemade mashed potatoes and rolls. She's glad to take a break from mashing the potatoes and she picks up her phone to see a text from her husband, Steve.

Love of my life: Come outside. Bring two forks.

Hot Mama: Why?

Love of my life: Get ur ass out here.

Hot Mama: Im cooking

Love of my life: 2 forks!!! Or I'm starting without you!

Her curiosity piqued, Nancy grabs two forks out of the drawer, and heads outside. Steve is parked in his red Traverse, and he waves her on. She rolls her eyes, her husband is so dramatic and hops in the car,

"What the hell is going on?" She asks.

Steve smiles and holds up a plastic box, in which is a fat ass slice of chocolate cake from Antonio's,

"Holy shit!" She exclaims, handing him his fork.

"They catered at work today, I snuck an extra piece for us," he says opening the box and letting her take the first bite, like the gentleman he is.

She shoves the cake in her mouth and moans,
“I fucking love you.”

He nods, mouth full of cake,
“I love you too. By the way, I also love our children, but, not enough to share this cake with them.”

Nancy nods, rushing to take another bite,
“Agreed.”

They eat the cake hurriedly. It’s so good and a rarity they get it. Antonio’s is the fanciest restaurant in town, and it’s not affordable to take four kids there, especially when two of them favor Mcdonald’s anyway. Every year for her birthday, Steve bought her one of the fifty dollar cakes, two tiered with homemade frosting and rich chocolate chunks, but after everyone had a piece, there was hardly any left for Nancy to enjoy herself. For the past two years, Steve had hid the cake in the fridge in the garage, where he and Nancy would sneak out to eat at their leisure, sitting in the car at midnight to enjoy the chocolatey goodness. It’s not that the kids didn’t enjoy the cake, it’s just that they prefered Dairy Queen ice cream cakes, and you didn’t have to tell their parents twice. They gladly bought their kids cheaper things they liked better, and hid the better stuff for themselves.

They probably only have a couple minutes before one of the kid’s comes wandering out. Lucas, their eldest, at ten, was playing his xbox with Asher, who was seven. Scarlett was five and Peyton was two, and they were watching TV in the living room. They finish the cake in record time, barely giving themselves enough time to chew, knowing that if one of the kids come out, they’re screwed and will have to share.

Being a parent meant always having to share with your kids, never having time to yourself, etc. While Nancy was showering, Steve had to make sure to keep the kids thoroughly entertained, and sometimes that didn’t even work, Asher or Scarlett budding in to talk to her about something, anything really. When Steve was working in his study, he had to take breaks every couple of hours to hang with the kids, no matter what they were doing, they wanted him. There were rare days when a child wasn’t in their bed. No matter what she ordered the kids when they went out to eat, they ended up eating off

of her plate, or even drinking Steve's energy drinks. When she was breastfeeding Peyton, Lucas and Asher had gotten into her lactation bites and decided they liked them more than her.

So yes, they're sitting in their car, eating the cake like their life depends on it. Finally it's gone, and Nancy licks her fork clean, dropping it into the cup holder,

"Holy shit that was amazing."

"That made my entire week," Steve agrees, closing the plastic box and setting it on his dash.

Nancy laughs and Steve leans in to kiss her, finally. She hadn't had time to freshen up and knows she looks a mess, face bare of makeup, hair in a loose messy braid, wearing shorts and an oversized t-shirt,

"How was your day?"

"Good. Except for your kids fighting of course."

"My kids?" Steve asks incredulously.

Nancy laughs and kisses him again,

"Yes, your kids."
Steve rolls his eyes and kisses her again, tasting the chocolate on her tongue when suddenly her door is pulled open,

"Ew! Mom! Dad! What the heck?!" Asher says, wrinkling his nose.

"Hi buddy," says Steve.

"I'm hungry!" Says Scarlett.

"Bye bye?" Asks Peyton.

"What's up guys?" Nancy asks, turning to face the kids.

"Is dinner almost done?" Lucas asks, "I'm hungry and Asher is getting annoying."

"It'll be done faster if you help me mash these potatoes. And don't

call your brother annoying," she says, swinging herself out of the car.

Steve follows suit and grabs Scarlett and Peyton up,
"Let's go girls. Boys, help your mom with dinner please."

"But dad," they whine, following him into the house.

"No excuses. Help your mom and then we can watch a movie. Any suggestions?"

"Frozen!" Shouts Scarlett.

"No!" Shouts Asher.

"No arguing, go wash your hands and I'll meet you in the kitchen," says Nancy.

Steve sets the girls down on the couch, before plopping down next to them,

"Thanks for my surprise daddy," she says, kissing his forehead.

"You're welcome mommy. If you need help with dinner, just let me know."

"I'm good. It's almost done. I love you."

"Love you too" he says, squeezing her hand.

"Do you love me?!" Scarlett hollers.

"Of course! You're my two favorite daughters."

"We're your only daughters, silly," says Scarlett.

"My smart girl," Steve says, tickling her, as Nancy heads into the kitchen to finish dinner, her two boys already stationed by the counter.